

Horror Chronicals

**William
Monroe**

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William Monroe

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For any scary story-telling Boy Scout.

Ghosts

Ghosts! They have been with us since the beginning of time. Hollywood can use this idea to make movies of ghosts haunting people. These movies are most entertaining. The people in those movies believe that the ghost is there forever and there is no getting rid of it. Eventually those people go insane. I laugh when I see those films, because I know the truth. There is a way to get a ghost to stop haunting you. How do I know this you ask? Because I was once haunted by a ghost, a long, long time ago. And this is my story.

It all started when I was sitting in a truck one winter night. I had nothing to do. That's when I saw another vehicle coming my way. I had an evil idea pop into my mind. I waited and as soon as the other car was close I flipped on the bright lights. This caused the other car to swerve and hit a jogger who was going by. I got nervous and left. The next day I heard about the incident at the local barber shop. How a jogger who was on his way home to his

wife and kids was hit by the other driver.

“Hey did you hear about that man who got killed last night?” my barber said.

“No. What was his name?” I asked.

“Oh it was uh, hey Jerry what was that mans name?” the barber cutting my hair said.

“I think it was.... oh shucks I can't remember either. Hey Larry hand me that newspaper right there by you.” the other barber said.

As soon as the newspaper was in his hands he loudly exclaimed the name Kyle Styles. The shop was silent for a moment. In memory of the fallen jogger you might say. I later learned that the driver who had killed Kyle was tried and found guilty of murder and I was never mentioned because the other driver had been drinking. I was never charged and it seemed like I hadn't been the one who had actually caused the death of the jogger. To me it seemed like a dream and that I would just move on with my life and escape punishment. I had never been so far from the truth. A month later I realized that.

It happened late one night. I got into bed and sleep had just barely come over me. I don't usually dream. But tonight my dream turned into something I had never experienced before in my life. The dream was this.

I was jogging on a cold night. I had just gone out to clear my mind and was eager to be home and see my wife and sons. In my mind I could see the faces of my two boys. The oldest was Trevor and he was ten and he was still learning long division. He loved it when I would come home from work and help him. Then in my dream I stopped just in front of a house to take a little breather. I also stopped because I didn't want to run home panting. When I walked through the door I wanted to be ready to play with my newborn son. I could hear his laughter in my head. Then I resumed my jog, the thoughts of my boys gave me some energy. It was at that moment that I saw the truck. It seemed so far off in the distance at the time so I decided to move off the road and jog along the shoulder. I also saw a second truck parked on the opposite side of the road from me. It wasn't moving so didn't pay it any

attention. As soon as the truck coming at me was close I saw the stationary vehicles bright lights flash the driver of the other car. Then I saw a white light coming at me with lightning speed. I couldn't move. I was frozen with fear. Then I felt the impact. I could hear the screech of tires and hear bones crack. I looked down and saw my own rib bone stick through my chest like a white spear head. Then I felt the agony of another rib piercing my heart. I could feel myself fall and hit the frozen earth so hard that my skull cracked. Never had I gone through so much pain. As I lay there dying I could hear my own slow breathing and feel the pain of each individual breath. Then finally a deep blackness over took me and the pain disappeared. Then I could see my own body, broken and bloody, lying on the ground. I saw the other vehicle zoom off into the night. I felt a red hot hate for that driver. He had taken everything from me. Then I sat upright in bed, drenched in a cold sweat.

"Wow, what a nightmare." I heard myself say.

It was so real. It was like I was reliving a bad memory in full

detail. I turned up the heat and lay back down. Within fifteen minutes my room turned into a sauna and I sat up with the intention to turn down the heat when the room went cold. Like a winters morning cold. I could see my own breath frosting in the air. Odd I thought. After all I had just turned up the heat. It shouldn't be this cold. That's when I heard the voice. It was like the little voice inside everyone's head that will just whisper things ever now and then so, at first, I ignored it. Then it got louder and more piercing. It seemed to fill the entire room like an echo. That's when I saw his face. I saw the face of Kyle Styles. I can still remember those eyes, they were blue and sad and seemed to be staring into my soul, ripping it apart and tearing it from my body piece by piece. His face was dark and sad. We looked at each other for what felt like hours. I was only 16 and ghosts were like a funny story that my buddies and I told over a campfire. Now I realized that this was no funny story. Then he went away just as fast as he had shown up. I tried to get back to sleep but couldn't because of fear. So I lay in bed until the next morning. When morning came I

got out of bed. The second my feet hit the floor I could feel the presence of another person. It's that feeling you get when you feel another person's eyes staring at you with a piercing gaze. I looked around the room and couldn't see anybody there. I kept looking because I wanted to find the source. I searched the room in vain for about five minutes before I finally gave up. I decided to go upstairs and have something to eat. As I reached the stairs I felt the cold return. Instantly my brain played back everything that happened the previous night. I wanted to run, but my legs turned to lead and my feet acted like they were glued to the floor. That's when I saw him again. Kyle was standing in front of me on the stairs. This time I was wide awake and could see what he looked like. I saw the rib bone puncturing through his body. I could also see the rib that had broken inside of his body and pierced his heart, the rib that had killed him. I could tell that his head was odd shaped because of the fall he had taken that caused it to crack. I saw the blood stains on his cloths and face from all the injuries that he had gone through. Then he held up his hand. I could see the cuts on it from

the fall he had taken on the road. I saw him lean in and put his hand right through me. A cold chill passed through right as his hand did. My breath caught up in my throat. My organs felt like they were freezing in my body. It felt like drowning in frozen carbon dioxide. Then he pulled his hand out and instantly my body warmed. Then he whispered something in a harsh and piercing whisper.

"I will never forgive you for what you did to me." he said.

And with that he vanished. Even though he was gone I could still feel his presence in the room. The day continued without another event. Then that night he came to me again. The whispers got louder and bounced off the walls at a hundred miles an hour. I could make out some of the phrases and the others I would never know what they said. This torture continued for days until finally I was virtually insane. Then I had other dreams. My dreams were of me running on a cold night. Then I would stop and rest. That's was when the eyes of Kyle Styles came. Just the eyes, the cold, blue eyes that just stared into mine, ripping out my soul and tearing it

out of my body. They drained all of the love and hope I had in my body. Every emotion that I felt, except for fear and hate, were drained from me. Then one night something happened that would change the entire scenario.

It happened about a month after the first visit from Kyle. He appeared in front of me with his eyes closed muttering something. I just stared at him. All the sudden my feelings changed toward him. I was no longer scared of him and the cold changed to warmth. As I looked at him a strange feeling of friendship developed. I didn't have many friends and now I viewed Kyle as a friend that would never leave me. It was a comforting feeling, in a strange a twisted way. I could tell that he sensed the change because he was suddenly quiet and his eyes opened. Then he left.

As soon as he was back I started to talk with him. I would tell him things about me and how my day had gone. He never responded but I was still glad to have someone to talk to. Soon I started to play Xbox with him. I loved Call of Duty so that's what we played most of the time. His character never moved but I still

pretended he was playing.

“Hey Kyle, where is the enemy at? Oh wait, I see one. Stabbed him! Ha ha you owe me buddy.”

This continued for at least three weeks. In that time I started to distance myself from my family and friends. To me Kyle was my family. Kyle was my only friend. Then the dreadful night came. I was having some trouble sleeping so I decided to see if Kyle was there, like I normally did on nights like this. So I called out "Kyle, are you there?" and this time I got a response.

"I'm not haunting you tonight so go to sleep." he said.

"I can't sleep." I replied.

"Well I don't care. Don't call my name again." he said.

"Ok well in Math class today..." I started.

"I don't want to hear about your sob story of a life! I have had my fair share of problems! But did I complain? No I had to deal with them and so should you, you big baby!" he said harshly.

That was the end of the conversation. The next day I didn't feel him with me. It was a lonely feeling and I hated it. I didn't want to

feel it again. That night I decided to confront Kyle about this issue.

“Kyle we need to talk.” I called from my bed.

“I am not haunting you anymore.” he said.

“Ok that’s good so now we can be friends right? No more friction between us.” I said.

“Don't you get it? I am a ghost that was supposed to haunt you and you ruined my entire plan with your annoying comments.” he said.

“Oh, I get it. So do you want to talk about it? After all, what are friends for?” I said back.

“You are annoying. I’m getting a migraine and I’m a ghost.” he said.

“That’s good, let it all out. I’m here for you buddy.” I said softly.

“You are truly annoying. Goodbye.” he said.

“Wait, where are you going?” I asked.

I never got an answer. All I got in response was silence. The next morning I couldn't feel Kyle’s presence. I never felt it again. Never

before had I been so lonely. I felt like my best friend had abandoned me. I felt like an outcast for the rest of my life. I never married because of the bitterness I felt.

The next time I saw Kyle Styles I was on my deathbed. I had no family so there was nobody around me in the final hours of my life. The only things in the room with me were the machines and monitors that the doctors kept in my room to monitor my heart rate and things. I lay there waiting and wanting death to come and take me in its grasp. Then I saw Kyle again. When I saw him my heart soared and my body filled with warmth. Life suddenly flooded back into my body. Then I died of a heart attack. Now I come back from the grave to haunt anyone that hears my story. Let me give you some advice. Look in every possible hiding place. Beware I can get into your head. I can send you dreams and make you hear my voice again and again. Then when you think you have had enough, that's when I will appear in front of you. Now I part with this last piece of knowledge. I learn from the mistakes of others. You can figure that out. See you tonight.

Night of Skeletons

It has been said that we need to learn from the dead and respect the living. To me Halloween was a fun night that I got to be someone I wasn't and get buckets of candy. That's all Halloween ever was and ever will be. Not a holiday to respect those who have died. Obviously the dead didn't like this. Because one incident changed the way an entire city looked at Halloween. Over a period of two weeks the entire city of Angles Valley, Arizona learned the lesson to respect the dead the hard way. Because with the dead comes life. Am I insane? You can think that, but after you hear my story, you won't. Because it is only a matter of time before the same killing plague is upon your city. Listen to my story and maybe you can make any corrections that need to be made so that what happened to me doesn't happen to you. Your town will become infested with this killing plague of the dead. Listen to what I say and you can prevent this plague from getting to you.

I love Friday the 13th. Not just the movie, but the day as well. There is a certain air of mystery and danger that surrounds the day. It's like Death himself walks through the city, touching the feelings of the individuals he passes. To make things better was that it was Friday the 13th in October. October is the scariest time of the year. That isn't what I believe however. I believe that October is the best month of the year. Everyone has ghosts and monsters on their mind. Everyone is on the edge and jumpy. For a 16 year old this made practical jokes extra fun. Nothing beats putting on that werewolf mask and jumping out at your sister as she walks out of the bathroom. Then at night I loved to go out with a group of friends to play night games in the cemetery. Then around midnight you start to see shadows and things like that. The noises of leaves blowing across the ground are heard. Then there is the occasional sound of the dry leaves crunching. We always laughed at the first one of us to chicken out and leave. Then, as Halloween approached, we all got the scare on. This was the best time of the year. But we had all forgotten why Halloween was a

holiday. It was a holiday to respect and remember the dead. But, today was Friday the 13th, so my buddies and I decided that tonight was the best night to play around in the cemetery. We had no knowledge of this at the time, but this was our first mistake. We ran into the cemetery laughing and cracking an occasional joke. We gathered in a circle in the middle of the cemetery to decide what game we were going to play.

“How about we play Ghost in the Graveyard?” I suggested.

After a few minutes of debate my suggested game was chosen. Since I had the idea I became the first ghost. I counted to twelve and began to hunt for my friends. I had gone about ten feet from my original position when I heard the sound of movement. I paused, waiting for someone to stand up and yell “ghost in the graveyard!” but no one did. Grinning, I walked in the direction of the movement. I peeked around a large headstone and saw one of my friends kneeling down behind a tree, his back turned to me. Trying hard not to laugh at his stupidity, I crept up on him. When

I reached him I extended my hand and tapped him on the shoulder saying “you’re it.”

He didn’t jump or even get up. He just knelt there. I pushed him and his body crumpled on the ground. I rolled him over and saw that there was no skin on his face. Not only was that, but the rest of his skin melting off of his body like it had been dipped in acid. I looked at his chest and right in the center of it was a large bone arrow or something. Instantly I ran to the bench at the center of the cemetery. My other friends were waiting there.

“There you are. Someone yelled ghost in the graveyard and we ran here. Where’s Billy?”

“Billy is dead.” I replied.

“You are such a liar. Who could have killed him?” my friend John asked.

“Follow me and I will show you I’m not lying” I said.

I turned and headed back in the direction I had just come from. I reached the tree and stopped to wait for my friends to

catch up. When they reached me I pointed around the tree and John went around first.

“All I see is a skeleton. Wait, is that Billy?” John asked.

“It used to be but now, that’s all that’s left of him. His skin must have finished melting off his bones.” I said.

“You did this?” John asked.

“No I didn’t. I just found him like this. I never touched him.” I said.

I don’t know what I did, but after I said that I never touched Billy the ground started to shake. That’s when I saw the first bone hand pop out of the ground. After the first hand emerged more hands flew out of the earth. The entire cemetery was coming alive. Skeletons were rising from their graves. Their bones were white as snow and their eyes were the color of blood. We stood right where we were, too scared to move. I looked over at the skeleton of my friend Billy and I saw the blood red eyes come alive. Then one finger moved and his legs began to wiggle. The skeletons gathered around me and my friends, keeping us surrounded with no chance

of escape. Then, a tall skeleton walked toward our little group. He touched each of our faces as he passed by us. His touch burned our skin like fire. He stopped at John and looked at him. He just stood there looking at him then, without warning, he grabbed the front of John's shirt and threw him to the ground. The group of skeletons gathered around John and raised one leg. Then, simultaneously, they stomped down on him. They did this over and over again, each time John cried out at us for help. There was nothing we could do, but stand there and watch as our friend was stomped to death. When he finally died the tall skeleton who had chosen him leaned down and opened his mouth. A bright green smoke covered John's body and his skin melted off. He was now one of them. Then all the skeletons heads turned toward me and my remaining friend. We looked at each other, knowing one of us would be next if we didn't get out of the cemetery. Run or die? We chose to run. I grabbed George, threw him ahead of me, and we both ran for our lives. We hadn't gone very far when a white blur whizzed past my ear and thudded in a tree by the side of the

road. I looked at the object as we passed the tree. It wasn't an arrow, but a finger. The skeletons were throwing their fingers at us. They were determined to kill us one way or another. Running harder, I was determined not to be killed by the undead. Finally I ran out of the cemetery and found safety under a streetlight.

"We made it George. We're alive." I said, panting.

I didn't get a response. I turned a full circle looking for my friend. I was alone under the streetlight. I looked back at the cemetery and my heart sank. Emerging from the blackness were the skeletons, one new skeleton had joined their ranks. I watched them turn and head in my direction. I ran as fast as possible down the streets. That's when I saw the cop car coming my way. I ran at him, waving my arms and shouting. He pulled up by me and rolled down his window.

"You aren't supposed to be out this late at night." he said.

"I know. Don't go any further down this road. Skeletons popped up out of the ground and now they are roaming the street.

They killed three of my friends and they turned into skeletons as well. I barely escaped with my life.” I said.

“Go on home and get some sleep. I’m letting you off with a warning. Don’t let me see you again.” the cop said.

He didn’t believe me. I watched him continue down the street, right into an ambush of the undead. Skeletons swarmed his car. One of them flung itself in the front wheel of the car, stopping it. I watched as the skeletons threw the cop on the road and then killed him. I ran back down the street as a new skeleton stood up amongst its fellow skeletons. I ran straight to my house and locked the door behind me. I then ran around the house locking doors, windows, and closing every blind in the house. Then I ran to my room and propped my desk against my window. Then I finally lied down and fell asleep.

At 3A.M. I sat up in bed. In my dream I relived the skeletons coming after me. That’s when I became aware of an odd clicking noise. It sounded like someone was outside my window throwing pebbles at it. I walked over and moved my desk then opened the

blinds. There looking at me through the glass were the blood red eyes of a skeleton. I yelled and closed the blinds. Then I heard more tapping on all of the windows on my house. Then they started scratching the doors. The sound was so awful that I covered my ears in an attempt to shut out the high pitched scraping noise. Then, as if by magic, all the blinds opened and I could see all of the skeletons looking in my house. Each skeleton I saw looked like it was smiling at me. They probably were, because death excited them. Throughout the remainder of the night the skeletons stood at my windows, staring at me, waiting for me to come out to them. I never did. When the first light of dawn came, all the skeletons ran back to the cemetery. The day was calm and there was no disturbance from any undead killers. School was strange, however. In my classes I had to look at the empty seats of my friends. Every time I saw an empty seat, my mind would flash back to the cemetery. I could hear the screams of my best friend as he was slowly stomped to death. When these memories came

flooding in my mind, it took all my willpower to keep myself from crying. When school let out for the day I sluggishly walked home.

“George’s mother called me today. She is wondering where her son is. Care to tell me what happened?” my mom asked when I walked through the front door.

How was I supposed to explain to a mother that her son was killed then his body was transformed into a killer? I simply couldn’t bring myself to tell the terrible tale about the night in the cemetery.

“I don’t know. We split up at the corner. I thought he was on his way home.” I responded.

“Well he never made it.”

“We should put a call in for a missing person” I said, pretending like I had a good idea.

My mom obviously liked it because she picked up the phone and walked out of the room. I went into the kitchen, picked up some chips, and went to my room. I glanced around and my eyes

rested upon a white envelope placed on my bed. I opened it and unfolded the paper. I quickly scanned this message.

One night doesn't change a thing. Enjoy your few weeks in peace. For now the dead remain silent. Only we know the date of judgment. Will you be the next to join us? We left you the way you are for a reason. Figure it out and act.

That was the end. The scariest part of the entire letter was that it was written in blood. For a week and a half I tried as hard as possible to figure out what my mission was. I never could. It was a puzzle I just couldn't solve. I was never good at puzzles anyway. The next letter came three days before Halloween. This is what it said.

You have not acted. You and the rest of those like you shall suffer because of what you have not fulfilled. Judgment is nearing and you will be the last to die. See you there.

I spent the next three days thinking and worrying about what the skeletons were talking about. Halloween showed me the meaning behind the letters.

It was a tradition for the entire city to meet in the enormous parking lot in front of city hall at night fall for the costume contest. The mayor had just finished his scary story of how he met his wife and the first child walked up on stage when the sound of clicking was heard. We turned in the direction of the noise and saw the skeletons coming. There was no place to run. We all stood right where we were. It didn't take long before I was the last human standing in a parking lot full of skeletons. I was literally standing in front of death. Death was so close I could taste it. Then the group of skeletons threw me on the ground and began to beat me to death. The most painful part was all the memories playing in my head. I was watching the awful sights I had witnessed not five minutes ago. Then finally a peaceful blackness engulfed me like a calm river running through my body. Then a new life filled my soul. Now I was bloodthirsty and had an urge to kill. The world was red and I felt a strong hate toward humans. I didn't feel respect from them. They were going to pay dearly for it.

Now you know my story. I have also given you the one thing that must change in your society. Respect the dead! For with the dead, comes life. Now it is going to be you that will join me before long. I can't wait to see you because my urge to kill must be fulfilled and there is a spot in our circle that needs to be filled. It is reserved for you. Wrap up your affairs and tie all the knots that need to be tied because your time is coming. I can't wait to see you.

The Demon

There are no words to perfectly describe the panic that gripped the town of Little Falls, Minnesota. I will try to tell the story the way I know it. My name is Lace Kiever, I'm a doctor. When I got the first phone call on a body discovered in the woods just outside Little Falls I went right down. I asked about the story on this body and this is what I got. This tale I tell was meant to warn you. To prepare you for what's out there. For what is lurking in the night. I have witnessed firsthand what this monster can do. I have seen with my own eyes the bloody scenes and gruesome killings done by this beast. I've heard the screams of its victims as they slowly and painfully die. This entire tale starts out with one man. Crazy Henry Hodgett was his name. We will start with him. Now our story begins.

It was a dark night, even though the moon was shining, full and bright. Crazy Henry Hodgett was on his way home when a slight flicker of movement caught his attention. A large shadow was passing slowly on the wall of the cemetery. Curious as to what was making this enormous shadow Henry walked into the cemetery. As he walked deeper into the cemetery he started to hear the sound of dirt being thrown into a pile and deep grunting noises. He peeked around the tree he was hiding behind and saw a huge black monster digging up a grave. Henry stood there motionless. As badly as he wanted to run, he couldn't. This beast seemed to have some sort of power that planted Henry's legs right where he stood. Henry witnessed the beast pry open the vault where the casket lay. When the beast pulled the casket from the vault Henry regained control of his legs. As soon as he could move Henry backed

slowly away from the monster, now devouring a decaying corpse. Henry almost made it out of the cemetery when his right foot snapped a stick that was lying on the ground. He froze with fear as he saw the monster stop eating the body. The creature's head slowly turned until its glowing red eyes rested on Henry. Now he was in trouble. Henry turned and ran as fast as his legs would carry him. He was headed back to town. Within seconds of fleeing the cemetery Henry could hear the sounds of deep breathing and claws clicking against the blacktop road. He could feel the warm breath running down his back. Then, when it felt like the beast had him, a street light came into view. This gave Henry energy and he sprinted toward it. When he reached the pole his arms wrapped around it and he stood there panting, looking back in the direction he had come from. He was searching for the beast that had chased him to the spot he was now

standing. He couldn't see a thing, but he could hear it lurking just outside his vision. He could hear the claws scraping against the road like this monster was sharpening them. Henry the sounds of the monster's deep growling came into his ears. It sounded hungry and sent a chill spine. That's when the realization hit. "This monster is circling me," Henry thought. He frantically started to turn his head looking for the monster. That's when he saw the streetlight further down the road fall. Now he was under the only streetlight within a hundred feet. It was like he was standing on an island of light that was surrounded by a sea of black. He couldn't stay here and he knew that. It was only a matter of time before the beast entered the light and killed him. He decided that his best way to survive this was to run from the place he now stood. That's exactly what he did. He waited until he heard the beast make a wide circle

around the far side of him and he bolted out from the safety of the streetlight and into the black night. It took a second for the monster to realize what had just happened, but when it did it went into hot pursuit. After about two minutes of running Henry started to feel the energy he had left deplete. He had no idea what was keeping him going. Then the light of the town came into view. Hope and energy filled his body and Henry ran faster than any athlete could ever run. When he reached the town square he turned around to see if the monster had given up on him. As he turned around a large paw came out of the darkness and one claw sliced deep in his left cheek, just below his eye. Blood immediately started to run down his face. Then the beast opened up its fiery set of wings and then flew off into the night. Henry walked into the town hall and instantly the night guards rushed to his aid.

“Henry! Henry what happened to you?” Nancy, the only female guard, asked.

“It came from the cemetery.” he replied.

“What did? The thing that did this to you came from the cemetery?” Nancy asked.

“It followed me to town. I turned and this is what happened.” Henry replied.

No further questions were asked because Henry passed out due to blood loss. Two weeks went past and the cut was replaced with a white scar. Not only had that changed, but Henry himself changed with it. He went around town muttering phrases about a beast that lived in the woods outside of town. On every moon light night, the scar would glow a bright red, like the color of fresh blood streaming from an open wound. Henry’s eyes would turn a bright neon green color and would glow in the darkness. To top it

off all of his teeth would turn razor sharp and could cut through bone like it was paper. He would hunt and kill any animal that moved. Then, when morning came, Henry would change back to his normal self and he couldn't remember a thing that had happened the night before. Little did Henry know, but this scar and the night that caused it had opened a door that could never be closed.

The night that Henry died was one of the nights that he had transformed. He happened to follow a man named Randy Longstock out of town, blood was in Henry's eyes. That night Nancy, who lived close to Randy on the outskirts of town, heard a high pitched howl then a large, deep roar right after it. She looked out her window and saw a blazing orange and yellow fire erupt from within the woods. This blaze was so hot that she could feel its heat coming through her window. Then the fire died down and the screaming

started. It was a high pitched screaming that made her blood run cold and sent a chill down her spine. This screaming didn't end. It only got louder and sounded more painful with every passing second. Then the screams stopped and the night was silent once again. Nancy kept her eyes glued on the spot where the fire had come from. Then she saw an enormous creature lift from the tree line on fiery wings. This creature was black and had leathery looking skin. Then there was another burst of fire and the creature was gone. Nancy couldn't fall asleep that night. She couldn't seem to get the screaming out of her head.

When morning came she decided to go in the woods and see what was going on the night before. She stumbled on the most horrifying scene that any human had ever come across. She saw the body of Crazy Henry Hodgett, what was left of it anyway. One arm was missing and both legs

were gone. The trees surrounding the body were red with blood. The scar on his face was glowing red hot.

Nancy immediately called me and told me what had happened. I rushed down to Little Falls to see the scene myself. After looking at the body I asked questions to get the full story on the victim. I received the story that I have just told you. Puzzled by the story of Henry I asked "So this man stated that he saw a large creature digging up a grave in your cemetery?"

"Yes he did. At first I was confused about what he said. Now I wish I had asked him more questions at the hospital when he woke up." she said.

"Wait, has anyone gone to see this grave that was dug up?" I asked, a light had just gone on.

"No we haven't. We have all been too worried about Henry to go and see the grave." she replied.

“Well let’s go see what this thing actually did and if it even exists at all.” I said determined to get to the bottom of this quickly.

On the way to the cemetery I was thinking about everything I had been told. There was no way that this story could be true. A monster like this doesn’t exist. It wasn’t scientifically possible. Nothing in nature can be this powerful. The grave would prove me wrong, however. We pulled up to it and we could see that something huge had gone through there. The trees were pulled out of the ground along the road and were thrown on the grass. The fence that went around the cemetery had been crushed flat. Only a creature taller than three horses and three times as heavy could have done that. Finally our eyes fell upon the grave. The ground that covered the cement vault had been dug up and thrown all over the road, covering it. The cement lid

that sealed the vault shut so that water couldn't get in was cracked in half. One half was found lying thirty feet away from the grave it belonged to. The other half was lodged deep in a thick oak tree, halfway across the cemetery. Obviously this monster had a lot of strength at its disposal. Finally our eyes fell upon the casket. The lid had been pulled off and then smashed into splinters on the ground. Crazy Henry wasn't lying when he said that something was out there. Something that lurked in the woods outside Little Falls was now a threat to everyone that lived there. The drive back to town was silent. I was too busy pondering what this thing was, why it was here, and where it came from. As soon as I closed the door to my motel room I was on my computer. I was looking at old Native American hieroglyphics. I wondered if this thing had been around for a long time or if it was a new beast. Because if it was a new

monster then it had no idea how man worked and would therefore be easy to kill. If this thing had been around for a long time then it was near impossible to kill and can't be stopped. The hieroglyphic I was looking at confirmed my worst fears. Ancient Navajo tribes drew pictures of a large creature engulfed in fire attacking and destroying their villages and killing everyone that lived in the village. I turned off my computer and began to pace back and forth in my room. We needed to know what direction this thing had come from when it entered the cemetery, thus leading us to its cave. As soon as we learned this valuable information we stood a chance at beating this thing. But who would have seen what direction this monster had come from when it came to the cemetery? That's when it hit me. I ran to my phone and quickly dialed Nancy's number.

"Hello." she said.

“Nancy, what is the name of the person that works the night shift at your cemetery?” I asked, my tongue flying a hundred miles an hour.

“Oh that would be Randy Longstock. He was on his way to the cemetery the night that Henry died. Randy is so lucky to be alive. After all he was with Henry that night.” she said.

“What is Randy like? Is he quiet and not out going? Is he a loud guy who can’t keep his mouth shut? Is he violent?” I asked.

“Oh no, he isn’t like any of those things. He is the nicest person you will ever meet. He’s so kind hearted and he wouldn’t even hurt a fly.” she said in a dreamy voice.

“I need to meet him.”

“Ok. We can go to the square. He is always there when he isn’t at the cemetery. He enjoys watching the birds fly by here.” she replied.

“Come and get me. We can go see him together.” I said.

“Ok. I’ll be there in a second.” she said then hung up the phone.

I ran downstairs and was waiting only three minutes before Nancy came and got me. The car was silent as we drove to the town square. I was too busy thinking about what I was going to say to Randy. When we stopped I decided that my approach to the subject at hand was going to be friendly and I would only ask questions that focused on what Randy had seen in the cemetery. I was so deep in thought that I didn’t hear Nancy tell me that we were close to Randy.

“Sorry, what did you say?” I asked.

“That’s him over there on the bench.” she replied
pointing in the direction of the bench.

I looked over and sure enough there was a man sitting on the bench looking at us. He had dark brown hair, broad shoulders, strong arms, and had on a tight black shirt that showed his abs. He had on a smile as we approached the bench he was sitting on.

“Hello Randy.” I said in a friendly voice.

“Hi there Doc.” he responded, his baby blue eyes
smiling up at me.

“You know about the death of Henry don’t you?” I
asked

“Yes I do. I knew the man personally. We were good
friends.” he said sadly.

“I am sorry for your loss. That’s not why I’m here though. Joe said that he saw something in your cemetery two weeks prior to his death. Can you tell me what you saw?” I asked.

“Sorry Doc, but I didn’t see a thing. I was on the far side of the cemetery making sure the gate was locked. I never saw a large monster in there. I’m sorry I can’t be more help.” he said.

Now I was frustrated. There was no way he didn’t see anything. The cemetery wasn’t that big. I walked back to Nancy’s car, got in the passenger side, and slammed the door shut. It was about a minute and a half before Nancy got in her car. She was wearing a huge smile.

“Why are you smiling?” I asked, a little harsher than I had intended.

“Randy just asked me out on a date tonight.” she said, grinning harder.

Now I wasn’t just frustrated and angry. How could a lying piece of filth like Randy ask the most beautiful girl on the face of the planet out on a date? She dropped me off in front of the motel and I stormed up to my room. When the door to my motel room closed I threw myself down onto my bed and fell asleep. When I woke up I instantly checked my watch to see what time it was. The watch said it was eight o’ clock. I quickly calculated where Nancy would be right now. I figured out that she had just gone past the motel. I ran down the stairs and nearly broke the front door of the motel. I was just in time to see Nancy and Randy turn the corner at the far end of the street. I went back to my room to think. Then I heard a high pitched scream shatter the stillness of the night. Instantly my mind flashed one face,

one name. I ran out the motel and down to the same corner I had seen Nancy turn down not seconds ago. I knew that if I didn't get to her in time both her and Randy were in serious trouble. That's when an explosion of fire erupted from the forest and blew me backward. I heard another scream and I jumped up and ran into the black forest. I ran harder and faster with each passing second, knowing that each second that had gone past was a second too late. I stumbled on a gruesome scene. I was too late.

What I was an enormous creature with leathery black skin. Its fiery wings were folded against its side. Its razor sharp horns were already dripping with fresh blood. The creature's eyes were a neon red color and were glowing brightly. In one hand was Nancy. I watched, horrified, as the beast bring the other hand up to her arm and begin to pull and twist it. I watched her scream as her arm was

painfully pulled from its socket and then thrown onto the ground. The monster did the same thing with her left leg. I realized that there was nothing I could do to save her; she had lost too much blood. I watched as the beast threw her on the ground so hard that her skull cracked. Then her eyes rested upon me. They widened and she was about to scream at me for help. She never did because the monster dug its horns deep into her chest. Her eyes closed and her mouth opened as pain shot through her body. The monster pulled its horns out from her body and blood poured from the new wounds. I watched the life leave her body. Then the monster ate the arm and leg it had ripped off. I slowly backed away and then walked like a dead man back to my motel room. When the door shut, I jumped on my bed and sobbed until sleep came over me. I had the strangest dream that night.

In my dream I was following Nancy and Randy on their date. I followed them into the woods. Then Randy stopped and his eyes changed to a red color. His fingers turned into claws. Nancy screamed and tried to get away but Randy grabbed her throat. That's when he exploded in fire. When the fire died down Randy was gone and The Demon took his place. I sat straight up in bed, sweat running down my face. It all made sense now. Randy was the demon. I had to warn the town. When morning came I told everyone that Randy was the monster that had been terrorizing their town. No one believed me. Then I had an idea.

"Ok we will run an experiment. Tonight we will have three groups that go out. One group shall follow Earnist Black. Another will follow Eral Sharks. The last will follow Randy. This is how I will get you to believe me." I shouted.

That night that is exactly what we did. I told the groups that when the person they were following got home to come report back to me. I also said that if they didn't make it back by midnight then we could assume the worst. With that they set off. At nine o'clock the group following Earnist Black reported to me. Half an hour later the group following Eral Sharks joined us. At midnight I turned to the survivors and asked if they believed what I said was true. There was silence following my question.

"Yes we do." one man shouted.

"Good. I have a plan to kill Randy and end this thing." I said.

Then I proceeded to tell them my plan. When I was finished the crowd gave a cheer and split up. They needed rest for the next night. I smiled and walked back to my motel room. I was ready to give Randy the payback that he

deserved. No one kills one of my best friends and gets away with it. When the mob had all gone home and the street was quiet again, The Demon came out of the shadows of a roof top and smiled. It knew what was going on. Grinning harder it flew off of the building it had been sitting on. It had some planning of its own to do.

The next day was plain and uneventful. When the sun set and night fell upon us, however, I was preparing the town of the night to come.

“Randy just left for home. We will chase him up the mountain and take him down!” I shouted.

“Yes!” my mob shouted.

With that we were off. We saw Randy and began to run and scream like Indians. He took off in the direction we had intended him to go. I tripped on a tree root that was protruding out of the ground. By the time I got up the mob

was out of my sight, so I followed the noise they made.

Then I saw the explosion of fire. This wasn't in my plan and I knew what was about to happen. I had to help the people.

When I came to the clearing where the fight was happening I realized that there was nothing I could do. My mob backed up to a cliff and the Demon had blocked any escape routes.

He was slicking people left and right. Bodies were scattered everywhere. The field was running red with blood. I stood there, horrified at what I had caused. I could see the people getting cut into ribbons by this Demon. I realized that there was nothing I could do to help. Then I thought about what would happen to me if I remained where I was. I panicked and ran back to town. When the Demon finished killing it realized that it had forgotten someone; me. It screamed out of anger and flew back to town. When it got there I was

long gone. Angry it burned the town to the ground and flew off after me.

Randy followed my trail all the way to my home St. Paul. By the time he caught up with me, I had died. He grinned at the news of my death. That night he transformed into The Demon and dug up my grave. When he pulled my casket out of the cement vault he smashed it to splinters and began to eat my corpse when the sound of a branch breaking echoed through the still, quiet night. He turned his head and saw a man fleeing from the cemetery. The Demon grinned and went back to his meal. He knew that it was only a matter of time now. The door has been opened and will never close.

Autobiography of the Boogyman

Do you want to know what hurts the most? For me, what hurts the most is not being accepted for who you are. I have some good qualities. I can scare people half to death. There are plenty of good legends and scary stories of me. Oh excuse me, where are my manners. My name is Iilan J. Boogyman. I come from a proud family of monsters. Both of my parents graduated from Monsters University then went out into the human world to start a career of scaring and killing. Eventually they met and started a family. I have about twenty brothers and sisters total. There is one thing that you must know about monsters. We can never die. Vampires and other supernatural beings can be killed, but monsters can never die. We can become severely injured and hurt and even come close to dying but we will never die. I have lived for several hundred years, I would give you an exact date, but I stopped

counting when I hit one hundred and fifty years old. Now I know that you are probably curious as to why I am writing a biography of myself and I will explain. I have enough contact with the human world that I tend to read some of your books on my spare time. I enjoyed the biographies of your famous people in history the best. I also have a great love for the English literature. That's probably why my grammar and spelling of your words is so good. As you can tell I am not a normal monster. Well where I live, I am made fun of quite a lot and this is the reason why.

When I was born I was a pretty monster. Like the kind of pretty a human girl likes to think of herself as. In your world that's a good thing, but in mine it's a terrible tragedy. When we refer to a monster as "good looking" we mean that they are really ugly. The vampires don't use this same thinking but vampires are messed up. I was born as a pretty monster. Both of my parents couldn't believe it. After all they were such ugly things that when I came into the monster world my dad looked at my mom and said "He's yours. There is no way that thing came from me."

That's what started it all. Throughout my school days I was constantly teased by other monsters. Bigfoot, as he is known in the human world, was one of the worst. He called me such horrid names and beat me with a stick when he could get his oven mitt hands on one. My school masters knew about this problem and they didn't do anything to stop it. I can remember running into the school one day after break, bleeding from all the wounds that Bigfoot had inflicted upon me. I ran straight to the school master himself to report the problem. This is how the story goes.

"Adri hit me with a big branch that he broke off the tree in the playground." I said, crying.

"Yes I can see that he did. What did you do to provoke him into hitting you?" my school master asked.

"I didn't do anything. I was just on the swing and he came up and hit me in the back of the head." I said.

"Well you aren't telling me the entire truth. I know Adri personally and he is a good little monster. He wouldn't do a thing like this unprovoked." my school master said.

“Well he did and I didn’t do a thing to bother him. Why won’t you punish him?”

“Are you trying to tell me how to do my job? For that you shall receive one week of after school clean up. Now go wash your face and get to class.” he said in a harsh tone.

I didn’t move. I couldn’t believe what he had just done. I had been beaten with a branch and the school master was punishing me! I just stood there with my mouth open and blue eyes getting misty.

“Didn’t I tell you to go wash your face and get to class? Now get out of my sight!” my school master yelled.

I ran from his office and to the closest boy’s bathroom. I ran into the far stall and slammed the door shut. I hated my school master. I hated the young monsters that would tease me and beat me up. I began to cry. Why didn’t anyone accept me? What had I done wrong? I stayed there for about fifteen minutes before I came out and washed up. It hurt washing the cuts on my face but I

buckled down and got through it. When I finished up I walked out of the bathroom and went to my class.

“Where have you been? The break was over about thirty minutes ago. What have you been doing?” my teacher said.

“I was... well I went to... I was in the bathroom.” I said.

“You were in the bathroom for thirty minutes?” my teacher asked.

“Yes I was.”

“Well sit down and write me a five page report on why being late is so bad.”

I sat down and began to work on my task that I had just been assigned to do. I was a good three pages into my report when all my paper was ripped from my hands. I looked up in shock to see who had stolen my report from me. The face I saw wasn't the one I was expecting. I was my teacher looking down at me with my paper in her hand.

“This is an after class assignment. I was teaching a very valuable lesson and you are back here writing? Just for that you

now have an extra three page report on why it is important to pay attention in class. Now pay attention to what I am teaching.” she said.

With that she walked away and threw my three pages of my five page report in the trash bin. I took out my notebook and began to take notes on what she was teaching. When the bell rung indicating the next break, I stayed behind to work on my reports. I finished my five page report and had just started on my three page report when I was lifted out of my chair and turned around by an unknown force. When I was facing forward again I looked up and saw the faces of my teacher and school master looking at me.

“Your teacher said that you are being a disturbance in class. Now I have to deal with you again.” he said.

“Again, when did you deal with him before?” my teacher asked.

Now I was busted. Not only did I lie to my teacher, but now she was going to tell the school master what I had told her and I would be punished even further.

“Well when he walked into class thirty minutes late I asked him where he had been. He said he was in the bathroom.” my teacher said.

“Well he wasn’t in the bathroom. He was with me, trying to blame Adri for a beating that he had received during the last break.” my school master said.

“Oh, well I guess he has been quite the trouble maker today hasn’t he?”

“Yes he has. What do you think is a deserving punishment for lying to both you and I and then disturbing your class? How about a month of after school cleaning and he can’t go outside for breaks during that time period?” my school master suggested.

“That sounds like a very good punishment. Now for lying to me and disturbing my class today, I will double both your reports to six and ten pages.”

I couldn't believe it! I was a good student who kept to himself and now I was being treated like a criminal. The next month was the longest of my life. Every night I had to stay after school and clean the entire building myself before I could go home. Each night I got home around eleven or twelve at night and then I had to deal with my dad yelling at me for being home late and my mother would send me to my room. When the month of cleaning was over I made sure I didn't do anything to upset any of my teachers or the school master. I never went outside for break and I was always the first student in my seat. I never spoke to anyone except when I was asked to talk in class. This continued for about three or four months then the bullies figured out a way to beat me up, even though I stayed inside all day. They would come in the school with rocks and things. Then they had one big kid hold me down while the others threw stones at me. I was hit mainly in the stomach and legs, but an occasional rock would hit me in the head. They would just stand above me for a good five minutes hitting me with rocks then they would leave me on the

floor. I never reported any of this to my school master because I was afraid of being punished again. So I dealt with the beatings for the rest of my school days.

Now you know what my life at school was like. I was never too excited to go to school in the morning. Now my life at home wasn't much better either. I was never as brutally beaten as I was at school, but I was still hit every now and then at home. My father was never too proud of his son.

"It's all because you look the way you do. If you looked a little bit better maybe people would like you a little more than they do. Maybe you would have more friends other than that stuck up vampire friend you have now. You need some real friends." he would say to me.

"But dad, if you only got to know Aundre you would like him." I would say in defense of my only friend.

"Well those vampires are nothing but trouble. Mark my words you will regret ever having one of them as a friend. They are too close to humans."

It was true. Vampires lived among the human population and they live here in our world. They had their own way to transport out of our world and into the world of humans that only they knew about. We all have our own way of getting in the human world. The monsters way is probably the easiest. All we do is a technique called shadow passing or walking in shadow. We can use the shadows here to enter into the dark places in the human world. That's why we always appear when it's dark or out of the shadows like we were a part of them. Now you know the secret to our stealthy ways.

"Dad Aundre isn't like other vampires. He doesn't enjoy the company of the humans. He likes to live here and just transport to the human world when he has to. He is a really nice guy." I said.

"Don't back talk your father boy!" my dad would always say.

"I'm not..." is all I could get out before his hand connected with the side of my face. He always hit me because I was never good enough for him. My mother used to inject herself into the fight and calm my dad before he could hit me more. That changed

one day when he walked home from his job angry and I was in the living room when he walked in. It always tends to be me that he takes his anger out on because I look the way I do.

“What are you doing just sitting there? You could be out practicing to be a good monster like you are supposed to be doing, but instead you sit here on the floor reading? It’s all because you aren’t a true monster. Look at you. Pathetic and weak, you’ll never amount to anything. Unless, I help give you a shove in the right direction.” he said.

Then he started to move toward me. I could see that I could have a problem if he got too close, so I began to scoot further and further away from him. I kept scooting until my back hit a wall. Now I had a problem. He grabbed me by the collar of my shirt and lifted me into the air. I tried everything to break his grip. I tried kicking, I hit him, I bit down on his arm, and I even ran my head into his head. Nothing seemed to work. Finally, when all my energy was gone, he started to hit me. He opened his hand and slapped me back and forth across the face. I winced every time his

hand struck my face. There was nothing I could do to stop him. He started to hit me harder and he kept repeating the phrase “I’m going to make a true monster out of you yet.” Then he threw me on the ground and began to punch me repeatedly in the face and arms. I tried hard to defend my face with my arms but I could only stop about a third of his blows. When he finished beating me, he stood up straight and looked down at me. I must have been a pathetic sight, curled up in the fetal position and crying. He gave me one last kick in the ribs and left me alone. I laid there for what felt like days until my mother came home and picked me up. She asked what had happened to me and I told her the story. When I finished my tale she stormed out of the room, ready to find my dad and give him what he had coming. I watched her walk into the back bedroom where her and my dad slept and then I heard the sound of an argument. It got louder and more heated. I got excited because I knew my mom would win and then she would protect me. The outcome was much worse than I could have ever imagined. My mom walked back into the room and looked at me

like I was a piece of trash on the floor. I didn't understand. Why did she fight so hard for me and then turn against me when I needed her the most? Later my dad came into the room and threw me off the couch I was sitting on and kicked me again. I looked to my mother for aid, but she turned the other way and went on making supper. My dad kicked me again then left me alone. From that point on I never received any love or compassion from either of my parents. I was beaten by my dad until my face was so broken that I looked terrible. I hated the way I looked. After my dad figured out that I was no longer a pretty monster, he began to teach me the finer points of scaring and killing humans. This was a subject I avoided because I never planned to enter the human world. My dad, however, had different ideas. He taught me how to be sneaky when I was close to a human, how to sense their fear when you are on top of them, and how to finish the job when the time came. Then he started taking me out on a practice field so that he could further help me to perfect my techniques. I trained hard and became rather good and sneaking up on the dummy I

used for practice and then breaking the dummy's neck. My dad would hit me hard in the face whenever I messed up and he would pat me on the back when I did my drill well. Finally after a year of training and practicing my dad told me something I never wanted to hear.

“Son tomorrow is the big competition for all the new monsters that will be graduating from the University. I have already signed you up for that competition. Remember that your dad still holds the record for the number of dummies killed in a minute. Don't let me down. This is the one thing that we have been training so hard to accomplish. You have worked so hard and now it's time to prove yourself in front of our entire city.” he said, beaming.

“Dad this is an honor to be able to compete in this event. I just don't think I'm ready yet.” I said.

I knew I had said something wrong. After I finished my sentence my dad got really angry with me. I hadn't seen this kind of anger since the day he had beaten me so badly a year ago. He

jumped on me and began to punch and kick me everywhere he could possibly reach. I defended myself as best as I could, but he was too fast. Finally, something inside my head clicked and I threw him off me. Now it was his turn to get a good beating. I sat on his chest and punched him as hard as I could in the face. Every time he would bring his arms up to defend himself, I would swat them away easily. Finally I reached a point where I felt he had gotten what he deserved, so I stood up and looked down at him.

“You are ready. You will be the very best there is.” he said.

I was in shock at his comment. I had just given him the most brutal beating I had ever given to anyone or anything and now he is telling me that I will do well in a competition? I didn’t understand it.

“I just barely beat you up and you don’t even get mad at me?” I asked.

“Son I did the same thing to my father when I was your age. Then he told me that I was ready to compete, because I had shown

the desire to inflict pain. I went into the competition with that same rage and won. Now it's your turn.” he said.

I didn't say anything back. I helped him to his feet and we both walked home. I fell asleep that night wondering how the next day was going to play out.

At seven a.m. I got up, had a good breakfast, and went out onto the field to practice. I wanted to do just as well as my father did when he competed. I worked hard until one in the afternoon. At two I walked slowly down to the big stadium in the center of town. I was going over every move that I knew and everything I had learned. When I reached the front door of the stadium I was ready to take on the world. I knew that I was the best and that now I was going to prove what I could do. I walked down to the underground prep area and began to loosen up. It was long before a large monster in a red shirt asked all the competitors to walk out onto the field. I lined up in my position and walked out onto the field with all the other monsters competing. When the bright sunshine hit my face and I could smell the freshly cut grass, I knew

that this was my day. I watched the first few monsters run onto the field, wait for the bell to go off, and then tear through the course of dummies that had been previously set up. When my turn came I walked out onto the field. The crowd was dead silent. The bell cracked through the silent day and I began to savagely rip apart the dummies. I was going so fast that I never even heard the thirty second bell ring. By the time the minute bell rang, I had gone through sixty dummies. I had beaten the record set by my dad. I stood on the platform, ready to receive my award for a job well done, when I realized what I had actually done. I had just ripped sixty dummies to shreds in one minute flat. I was truly a killing machine. I looked down in a mirror that was sitting on the podium and I saw myself for the first time. My face was so badly beaten that I no longer recognized myself. The only thing about me that didn't seem foreign was my eyes, my beautiful baby blue and shining eyes. I felt a tear escape one of these precious eyes when I realized that I had become the very thing that I never wanted to become. I had been transformed into an innocent child to a raging

beast. I wished I could have my old self back. The old me wouldn't have torn apart all of those dummies in this stupid competition. The old "me" would be out enjoying life and caring for the other people around me. The old "me" would be talking and laughing with my best friend Aundre, the one creature who didn't judge me because I looked the way I did. My one friend that I had ever known and now, I realized that I had abandoned him. I felt terrible when I thought of all that Aundre had done for me and how I had repaid him. I wanted to run away from the stadium and go spend the remainder of the afternoon with my friend. I didn't, however, because I never got the chance to leave. The mayor came down and said that I had broken the record and had done so great in the competition. Then he gave this really long and boring speech that I didn't really listen to. Then I left and went home. I felt so terrible that I didn't even bother to celebrate with my family. I just went to my room, closed the door so that I wouldn't be bothered, and packed up my stuff. When morning

came I snuck out of the house without telling anyone. I left the city and went into the mountains to live. I never went back.

Now I live in a small cave with plenty of shadows for me to pass through. So tonight, when I come to your house to scare you or even end your life, remember I am the way I am because it was forced upon me. I can't change now. The way I live and what I do is the result of a sad and cruel world. Perhaps our worlds aren't so different. Both are cruel and it is hard for a person who is different to really be accepted. They have to be like me and change themselves in order to escape persecution. I feel bad for those people who are like me. I know what they are going through and I know how much it hurts. But, I can't help because I am Iilan J. Boogyman or as you humans call me "The Boogyman." I have a roll to fulfill and a life of my own to live. So, I hope that there won't be any hard feelings between us, even if I do hurt you in some way. Remember, I never wanted this. You can blame my father and Bigfoot for the troubles I cause you. They are the ones

that shaped the way I am today. Well I hope to be seeing you real soon.

Zeblier: A new monster

We all know the stories of the monsters and evil creatures of the night that seem to haunt us. We know about Bigfoot, Sasquatch, vampires, The Boogymon, and ghosts. But, there is one monster that doesn't have any stories written about him. This monster is the most dangerous of all other monsters we know about. He is worse than the undead or the living breathing monsters that have the capability to keep an adult up at night. This monster has the capability to freeze anyone dead in their tracks with on simple look. Once this thing has you within its grasp, you are certain to die. There are no questions asked. This thing can go anywhere that you go. It is in the mountains or in the cities. It's in your closet or under your bed. It's so large yet it can fit into such small places and can travel quickly. There is only one person to have survived an encounter with this thing. I know him

personally. He was an old friend of mine. His name was Zajri Hoggett. He passed away from this world about three years ago, but I managed to get this one story out of him right before he died. I did a little research and discovered what this thing truly is. It is a cross between Sasquatch and a vampire. According to Zajri this thing was covered with hair except for its pale face. It had cold, blue eyes that had the mysterious ability to freeze you right where you stood. It had fangs that were about six inches long. This thing would bite into your neck like a vampire and drain your body of blood. Then it would devour the corpse. Why am I telling you this story? You were probably better off not knowing? I will tell you why I write this story. I did it so that you knew what was out there. I did it because you needed to be aware of a growing monster. Now, with that said, I will begin this tale.

It starts off one cold night in November. Zajri and his friends were enjoying a vacation from work. They had just sat down around a campfire with a hot meal cooking in the black pot hovering over the flames. The smells of the frying potatoes and

bacon was almost overwhelming. Zajri's mouth watered at the thought of the delicious meal he was about to eat.

"Hey Zajri, will you go get some soda out of the bed of my truck?" one of his friends asked him.

He nodded and stood up. He walked over to the truck, stuck his hand in the cooler, and pulled out a two liter bottle of Coke. He started to walk back to the fire when a sudden stillness made him stop. Something had changed around his camp. There was a sudden cold feeling around him. He had no idea what was happening, but he knew it wasn't good. He slowly walked to a tree that was just outside the light of the fire and peeked around the side of it. What he saw would haunt him right up until the day he died. He saw an eight foot tall, hairy monster standing in the shadows. He looked at his friends to see what they were doing. They were continuing with dinner, unaware of the new problem at hand. The beast emerged from the cover of the darkness and instantly all of Zajri's friends froze. They just stopped moving. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. He watched as the

monster moved from person to person, biting their necks and sucking out all the blood in their bodies. There was nothing he could do to help his friends now. They were already dead. He started to back away until he was at his truck. He jumped in the front seat and started the engine. He had just barely started on the dirt road when he felt his truck shake. It shook again and again. He looked in the rear view mirror to see what was causing his vehicle to rock but he couldn't see anything. He faced forward and his eyes met the deep, black eyes of the monster he had just left behind. He nearly jumped out of the truck. He sat where he was, staring at the pale mouth of this monster. He could see the blood dripping from its lips. The beast opened its mouth and showed the long, white fangs that were spotted with blood. A sudden fear gripped Zajri's heart. He knew that if he didn't think of something quick he would be the next to die. He quickly hit the gas and turned the wheel. His plan worked brilliantly. The monster flew off the hood of his truck and rolled in the dirt. By the time it got up the silver truck was out of reach. Looking back Zajri saw the

beast stand up and walk back in the direction of the camp. He didn't stop for anything until he was back in the safety of his own home. He couldn't sleep that night. His dreams were so demented and demon like they frightened him. Around two in the morning he woke up. Having trouble sleeping he decided to go and get a glass of warm milk, thinking that it would help him sleep. He walked to the refrigerator, took out a gallon of milk, and poured himself a glass. When he finished he wiped his lips and walked back to his bedroom. When he entered the room he noticed a strange shape on his bed. It looked like another person was lying in his bed. He walked over and gently rolled whatever was laying there over. To his shock the face that looked back at him was the face of his dead friend. He screamed and threw down the blanket. He ran out of the room and into his car. He started to back out of his driveway when a large shadow crossed behind the big window in front of the house. He watched as the light in his bedroom was suddenly flipped on and a pale face was staring out of his window, right at him. It took all of his willpower to pull away from those

evil black eyes and drive out of the neighborhood. He rented a motel room at the motel in the center of town and finally went back to bed. When morning light came he went down to the front desk, checked out of the motel, walked out to his car, and drove to the closest clothing store. He couldn't go back to his house so he thought it was best to buy a new pair of jeans and a shirt. After he paid for his new cloths he walked back to his car. When he reached his car he noticed a strange black shape hanging in his front window.

“Odd, I don't hang anything from my mirror. I wonder who put this here?” he said to himself.

He walked in front of the window and a bat opened its wings and flew out of the open sunroof. He jumped back in shock and fear. Ever since he was a little boy he had a great fear of bats. This bat flew into the air, changed its course, and dive-bombed him. He ducked just in time. The bat whizzed over his head, missing it by mere inches. It circled quickly and dove again. This time it managed to grab a bite of the back of Zajri's neck. He cried

out in pain and put his hand on the open wound. He could feel the warm blood oozing out from the wound and running between his fingers. The bat dove one final time and managed to sneak a small taste of his blood. Zajri ran to his car, jumped behind the wheel, closed the sunroof, and started the engine. He watched the bat fly off about thirty feet in front of his car and then it disappeared. Zajri moved his eyes all around the parking lot to see if the bat was just outside of his vision. After a few minutes of looking he assumed that the bat had taken off. With that, he drove out of the parking lot and onto the freeway. He needed to find a big city where he could hide from this monster that seemed to be following him.

Finally he settled down in a large town in Arizona. He wasn't close to any mountains and he was hundreds of miles from his old house. Within two weeks of being in his new area he began to see missing person headlines in the newspaper more and more each day. Odd he thought. Then one night he figured out what was causing these people to turn up missing. He was walking in an

alleyway one night after work. He started to smell an odd odor in the air. This smell was like the smell of rotten flesh. He plugged his nose and kept walking. When he turned a corner he stumbled on a horrible scene. He saw all of the faces of the people that were missing and had been in the paper. He looked around him, terrified at what he had discovered. Then his eyes fell upon a strange movement at the far end of the alley. He watched as a figure arose out of the trash and bodies. A sudden chill went down his spine. He knew what it was. Screaming out in fear, he turned around and ran as fast as his legs would carry him. He could hear heavy footfalls behind him and he realized that the monster was in hot pursuit. He could hear the footsteps getting closer and closer to him. He realized that if he didn't find someplace to hide and soon, he would be the next person in the newspaper. That's when he saw Main Street coming into view. He sprinted the last hundred yards and ran out into the street. He saw a car coming his way and he flagged it down.

“What are you doing in the middle of the road?” the man in the car asked.

“Just let me in and drive as fast as you can.” Zajri replied.

“Ok pal but you...” the man managed to say before he was yanked out of the vehicle by the monster.

Zajri looked over the roof of the car and saw the monster fling the man aside, he was already dead. Zajri knew that if he didn’t act fast he was a dead man. He jumped through the open passenger side window and gunned the engine. He sped off down the road, running red lights and narrowly escaping oncoming cars. He ran until he was finally pulled over by a cop.

“Sir, are you aware of how fast you were going?” the cop asked.

“I had no idea. Arrest me, because I know that I am a road hazard.” Zajri replied.

He stepped out of the car and willingly got into the cop car parked on the side of the road. He was tried and found guilty of speeding, grand theft auto, and murder. He said that he had

committed all of the crimes he was charged with and he received life in prison. This didn't affect him as it affected most people. He was glad for the chance to be locked up and he knew that now the monster couldn't get him. He went onto his death bed with these thoughts running through his head. Safety, secure, no way of that thing getting to me, and it was all a dream. He had no idea how wrong he truly was.

Now we are at the present time. There was one strange thing about Zajri's death that you must know. He was only fifty years old and was in perfect health. He died of a heart attack while he was sleeping. The guard that brought him breakfast discovered him with his eyes wide open, pale face, and not breathing. The guard tried C.P.R on him and called for backup when he failed at reviving Zajri. An autopsy revealed that his heart had stopped due to a sudden burst of fear that had shot through his body. The doctors had no idea what had caused this odd event to occur. After reviewing surveillance videos the officers working at the jail realized that there was something dangerous in their facility the

night prior to Zajri's death. They watched a man walk into his cell, open the door, and transform into a large monster. When Zajri saw this thing standing above him he fell back onto his bed, dead. The facility later closed down because the public caught wind of this and caused a panic.

Now you know the story of Zeblrier. This new monster has now become a danger to anyone and everyone it comes in contact with. It can't be stopped and there is no way of knowing exactly where it is. All right, I have a confession to make. I am no normal author. I am Zeblrier. How do you think I knew so much of Zajri? He was a problem for me, because he survived my attacks over and over. I tried multiple times to kill him, both in monster form and human form. None of them ever worked. When he got himself arrested I saw through his plan easily. It wasn't that thought through and sloppy. He was easy to kill. Now I have a warning for you. I can be everywhere and nowhere. I have many forms. I warn you, watch out. I hope to be seeing you tonight. I'm sure

you taste divine and your blood will help to prolong my life. Lock
your closet.

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Writing under a pen name is difficult. Here I will tell you (the reader) my real name and acknowledge those who helped me write this. First, my real name is Lane Yardley. Now with that said, I will give credit where credit is due.

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